

PUBLISHERS ISSUING MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS

NEW BOOKS

For Boys and Girls.

THE JOYOUS GUESTS—By Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsen. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.
SONGS FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Words by Lewis Carroll. Music by Lucy E. Broadwood. Illustrations by Charles Folkard. Macmillan.
THE GOLDEN FLEECE AND THE HEROES WHO LIVED BEFORE—By Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
MAC, A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE—By Annie W. Franchot. Dutton.
THE WITCH WOLF—An Uncle Remus Story—By Joel Chandler Harris. Cambridge, Mass.: Bacon & Brown.

Fiction.

YOU—By Magdelaine Marx. Seltzer.
A HASTY BUNCH—By Robert McAlmon. Djon, France. Imprimerie Darantiere.
ROMANESCES—By Frederick P. Kafka. Cornhill.
THE SILVER CROSS; OR, THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH—By Eugene Sue. Translated from the French by Daniel De Leon. New York: Labor News Company.
TRUSTY FIVE-FIFTEEN—By G. Frank Lydston. Kansas City, Mo.: Burton Publishing Company.

History and Public Affairs.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—By Albert Rhys Williams. Boni & Liveright.
THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE—By Edward E. Eagle. Cornhill.
AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT—By Matthew Page Andrews. Little, Brown.
MEXICO AND ITS RECONSTRUCTION—By Chester Lloyd Jones. Appleton.
WHITEHALL—By C. Delisle Burns. In "The World of To-day" series. Oxford.
A JEWISH CHAPLAIN IN FRANCE—By Rabbi Lee J. Levinger. Macmillan.
AMERICA AND THE BALANCE SHEET OF EUROPE—By John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton. Ronald Press.

Poetry and Drama.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PLAYS—First Series. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by Glenn Hughes. Seattle: University of Washington Press.
CHIMES OF SYMPHONY—By Christopher Morley. Doran.
COBBLESTONES—By David Senter. Knopf.
HYMNS—By "H. D." Holt.
DREAMS OUT OF DARKNESS—By Jean Starr Untermeyer. Huebner.
POEMS—Second Series—By J. C. Squire. Doran.
LE GUE AU BONHEUR—By E. S. B. In French. Grenoble, France: Librairie Jules Rey.
FAIRY BREAD—By Laura Benet. Seltzer.
THE SECRET WAY—By Zona Gale. Macmillan.
THE COCKPIT—A Romantic Drama in Three Acts—By Israel Zangwill. Macmillan.

Art.

HISTORY OF ART, Volume 1—Ancient Art—By Elie Faure. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. Harpers.

Illustrated Editions.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—By Richard H. Dana, Jr. With an Introduction by Wilfred Grenfell and Illustrations by Charles Peers. Macmillan.

Biography and Memoirs.

HEIMAN MELVILLE: MARINER AND MYSTIC—By Raymond M. Weaver. Doran.
A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER—By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan.

"Intimate Letters Series."

THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE—Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Translated by Caroline V. Kerr. Introduction by H. Mencken. Limited edition. Boni & Liveright.
THE GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS—Translated by Almée McKenle. Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. Limited edition. Boni & Liveright.

Religion and Philosophy.

THE TRUSTEESHIP OF LIFE—By William George Jordan. Revell.
THE COMFORT OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH—By the Rev. Frank M. Cadden. Longmans-Green.
SUNDAYS IN COLLEGE CHAPELS SINCE THE WAR—By Francis G. Peabody. Houghton Mifflin.
THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS AND THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE—By Alfred W. Martin. Appleton.

Travel.

NEW PATHS THROUGH OLD PALESTINE—By Margaret Slattery. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

Essays and Sketches.

THE CROW'S NEST—By Clarence Day, Jr. Knopf.

Miscellaneous.

SAFETY FOR THE CHILD—A Practical Guide for Home and School—By Dorothea H. Scoville and Doris Long. Republic Book Company.
THE OFFICIAL MAPS OF NEW ENGLAND—Compiled from United States Government Surveys. Official State Surveys and Original Sources. Chester, Vt.: National Survey Company.
THE OFFICIAL MAPS OF NEW YORK—National Survey Company.
THE WISDOM OF THE HINDUS—Edited and with an Introduction by Brian Brown, with a Foreword by Jagadish Chandra Chatterji. Brentano's.

More Than Sticks In Old Furniture

THE PRESENT STATE OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE. By R. W. Symonds. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

ALMOST every one has a corner somewhere in his mentality that admits of interest in the furniture of his forefathers, whether he be "thing-minded" or "idea-minded" in the terms of one psychologist. This practical handbook on old English furniture is one which is not only invaluable to collectors but which must be of interest to all persons who care for beautiful things. Between its covers there is packed a world of information. The jacket copy, unlike most blurbs, tells the truth about its contents. "The book contains," it says "an outline of the history of English furniture from the earliest times to the end of the great eighteenth century period; a discussion of the essential qualities of design and proportion which give exceptional value to the best pieces; and an expert examination of the present condition of antique furniture which will enable collectors to distinguish genuine untouched specimens from those which have been 'touched up' or are altogether fakes. The book embodies the practical wisdom acquired by the author during many years of furniture dealing. As he himself says, if he had had the information he is able to put into this volume when he started to buy he would have been saved from nearly every mistake he has made."

Interesting as this statement is, we believe there is no book that can provide a guarantee against errors, however it may be able to minimize them. The author might not have made the same mistakes, it is true, but he would probably have made others of a different brand. Also, it is safe to say that the reader will make them—fewer perhaps, but still some—whether he reads the book or not. The intrinsic value of the book is rather in the fact that it is rich in material, well assembled and that its presentation is vital. Also the book is beautifully illustrated. There are ninety-six photographs of some of the most valuable extant pieces of English furniture which show both the highest qualities of design in the finest pieces and their present state.

In this brief survey of English furniture are considered the color and surface condition of the wood, the design, proportion and ornamentation and the quality of workmanship. The individual vicissitudes of old pieces necessarily differ so much that the quality of color and surface condition to-day vary greatly. The standard of design in old English furniture was generally high, sometimes mediocre and very seldom bad. Fashions in furniture as in all else have changed with the years. Articles used by our forefathers are no longer in vogue. They are scrapped by this generation along with outworn ideas on Ireland and India, labor and the rest. Much of the old furniture designers' success, it seems, lay in the fact that they set out first to design a piece of furniture to supply a human want and then considered how it might be beautified by decoration. They decorated a construction. It is pointed out, instead of constructing a decoration. For in furniture, as in all else, overornamentation defeats its own object. Furniture that has a definite individuality is naturally of greater intrinsic value.

Examples of the Gothic oak furniture are practically unprocureable to-day. One of the photographs shows an oak coffer, carved with conventional floral design and having these words inscribed across the keyhole: "This is Esther Hobson Chist, 1637." Imagination cannot fail to picture the quaint fond hopes which Esther Hobson packed into this "chist" of hers.

Photography as Illustration

POEMS OF THE DANCE. An anthology. Edited and Illustrated by Edward R. Dickson. Alfred A. Knopf. THIS work embraces the poetic expressions from 1500 B. C. to the imagists of 1920. Among the surprises the reader finds is that of encountering such names as Dickens, Whitier, Glider and Lowell among the poets who write of the dance. The dance touches life so closely that the very titles indicate this contact: The Dance of the Nuns,



Illustration for "Poems of the Dance"

The Dancing Friar, The Dance of the Milkmaids, The Dance of the Shepherds, The Happy Dancer, Dance Macabre, The Dance of the Daughters of Delight, Dancing Girls, Dancing Boys, Dancing Days, The Dance in the Steeple, The Dance in the Palace of Vulcan, The Dancer in the Shrine, The Dancer in the Wood, Dancing in the Meadow, Child Dancers and An End of Dancing.

The pictures are used not so much as illustrations with decorative titles but as decorative intervals upon which the eye may rest in perusing the printed pages. In each of these decorations there is present the poetry of the dance, whose devotees are shown with legs and arms harmoniously related, in preference to the photographic popularity of an arrested motion in which the dancers' legs are so often painfully suspended in midair. Dancers' legs do go swinging through the air; but we enjoy this sight by reason of their successive rapidity and

type. They were all made while the figures were at rest, the idea of motion and of rhythm being secured by the relation which arms bear to legs. It is the work of no fast mechanical shutter; but each is a deliberate composition with poetic touches here and there.

The cover with its touches of blue and yellow is in harmony with the sunlit skies under which the pictures were made. The reproductions are beautifully done, and Untermeyer's preface is a work of art in itself. He wrote me saying: "I am proud of my association with what is a valuable as well as a unique work."

It is a gift book, and one of its uses is that of allowing the dancer to dance to poems written for her. Formerly these artists had to search for poems. No school of dancing is advocated. It is an impersonal work destined to bring the poet and the dancer together.

EDWARD DICKSON.

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

HOW COME YO' AIN'T READ "LADY LUCK"? (A Few Dialectical Thoughts on Hugh Wiley's Uproarious Yarn.)

De fonder' thing dat Ah is of Is story books dat's funny. An' craves yo' readuh, whut Ah love Here's somethin' fo' yo' money!

Whah at yo' is, ketch up dat book. And yo' is gwine to be In Heaving when yo' gits a look At Memphis, Ten-o-see— 'Cause dat's whah Wilecat Marsden live, De Konk'r'in' Hero come Fum France to show he positive Can make de clickers hum!

De clickers? Knows yo' what dey is? De gallop'n' ivories, chile! Shower down and hear dem clickers whizz, And see de Wilecat smile! Wham! Seven! Wilecat lets it lay! Boy, is yo' frantic, fade him!

ARE WE BEING KIDDED?

My dear Mr. Anthony: Have I been doing you a grave injustice? I have been regarding you as merely one of the brood of clever journalist-poets, and behold—I discover that you are a novelist—a real novelist—even; I am tempted to say, a great novelist.

Yes—I have "discovered" "The

Gang"! I perceive that it is not your first essay into the field, for "Rekindled Fires" appears, from what the book jacket tells me, to have achieved a success destined, if not to have attracted any popular clamor, I shall hasten to read it. But meanwhile accept my congratulations on a fine achievement in "The Gang." In an era when we are deluged with the soul-searchings of Main Street Carols and Kansas Moon Calfs, with now and then an imported dramatization of Kraft-Ebbing or Dr. Freud, this robust, slyly humorous picture of family life in lower middle class New York rings as true as a sound bell in a chorus of tin horns and penny whistles. My one concern is that it may find its public. (Our alleged "intelligence" will, of course, pass it by.) I wonder if it is possible, however, for such a fine piece of work to go unrecognized long? If I told you more of how I feel about it I should probably go into superlatives and merely sound—foolish. I hope you may find it encouraging that at least one reader finds it hard to restrain his enthusiasm! Sincerely, J. ALLISON ARCHER.

Is Mr. Archer kidding us, or doesn't he really know that "The Gang" (Holt) is not our book but that of Joseph Anthony, a brother of ours? If he isn't spoofing, he it hereby recorded for his information that he has dealt us a grievous wallo. When our brother sees his letter in print (he is in London now) his crowing will be heard right across the Atlantic.

We feel hurt. Honest. If we receive another letter like Mr. Archer's we're going to get mad and write another "Vanity Fair" just to show that Joe isn't the only novelist in the family.

For us the situation has only one bright spot. Joe may be the better writer, but we can lick him.

LANES—AND PAINS.

There is a lane of blue—a golden sunset hue—there is a lane of corn flowers. . . . There is a lane of shirly poppies, Jane of Chinese poppies. These lanes can lead us to the land of nod. . . . Here is a lane that thousands of others before me and thousands before them have walked, some with glorious heights—ours with a shame that cries aloud—all walk the lane—no turning, no lane, just footprints that drip with a tale. Lanes and a lane, mine is the lane of lanes. Their lane leading to the one lane.—From "Lanes," by Louis Kramer, in "The Garret," a Greenwich Village publication "for those who have new or beautiful ideas in art, letters and philosophy."

There is a pain—a severe pain that seizes me when I read that kind of piffle. It starts at my toes and shoots right through to my headpiece. Wearing a pained look, I rush to the nearest drug store, and, looking through the window pane, gaze at the various cures for pains. I enter and painstakingly select one of them and swallow it, but my pain persists. For mine is the pain of pains. In fact, I've become a first cousin of Thomas Paine himself. I rush out into the night, and, bumping my head against the nearest building (for that is the only cure for pain, if you do a good job) cry out, "Thank Heaven, there aren't any more rotaries of 'the new and beautiful'! Yes, by my pain of pains, thank Heaven!"

In a World of Make-Believe

NANCY AND NICK IN THE LAND-OF-NEAR-BY. IN SCRUB-UP-LAND. IN THE LAND-OF-DEAR-KNOVE-WHERE. IN HELPER-SKETTER-LAND. AND IN TOSPERY-TURVY-LAND. By Olive Roberts Barton. Five volumes. George H. Doran Company.

THESE volumes—five in all—late for children the strange adventures of little Nancy and little Nick in many different lands foreign to their own. Of course Magical Mushroom, their old loved friend, made these trips possible through his magical green shoes. He takes them on little journeys where animals live like humans and introduces them in turn to familiar things of forest and field. They become acquainted with Jocko the toy monkey, Mr. Rubadub, who has charge of Scrub-Up-Land in the Fairy Queen's Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Kingdoms; Mr. Scribble-Scratch, a remarkable person as tall and thin as a birch rod, with ears that seemed to be flying off his head, who was master of the Helter-Skelter School, in which the principal subjects were chipmunk chatter and groundhog greetings and X. Y. Zs, and oh, so many other things.

These are attractive little gift books that would warm any little boy's or girl's heart to have as their own. Even mothers and fathers would be deeply interested and amused in telling them to their children. The illustrations in black and white by E. R. Higgins bring out more clearly to the little reader the life that exists in a world of make-believe that is full of enchantment.

Cure for Crushes In Outdoor Sport

THE CAMP AT GRAVEL POINT. By Clare Ingram Judson. Houghton Mifflin Company.

WERE you ever a high school senior with a little freshman trailing after you like a shadow, writing you everlasting crush notes? If you were you will know just how Martha felt about freshman Polly. Martha had seven close friends who teased the life out of her about her little freshman. But they agreed that there was hope even for Polly with all her crush if she could only be cured—and those girls set about to cure her.

In case you do not know what a "crush" is we will give you Peggy's definition: "A crush is a violent attack of heroine worship—painful to everybody but the worshipper."

They cure Polly! How? Girl Scouts! And Polly minus her crush turns out to be a mighty fine girl.

And the stunt party at school, the basketball game, the parties and that week of camping and girl scouting! Oh, what a wonderful thing it is to be young and in the last year of high school, and just stepping out of school at the close of graduation!

This story is well written. It ought to be a crush cure for unlucky girls, and for others it will be a jolly way of spending the next rainy afternoon.

Scribner Books

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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